

CORPORAL PIKE

GEN. SHERMAN'S
GREAT SCOUT

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Young Pike, a printer, in 1859 leaves Missouri for Texas. There he finds a deputation of men, who play for his money. He is killed. The deputation is the Rangers. Pike enlists in the 4th Ohio Cav. and does valuable special duty in Kentucky for Col. John Kennerly. He is sent to locate John H. Morgan and his men, and meets them at Murfreesboro.

CHAPTER XIV.

After Morgan had left, my Texas friend remarked that there were a great many Lexington boys in Morgan's battalion. I then asked him if there were any in town.

"Well, no," he said; then turning to a man at his side he asked: "Is Jim B— in town?"

"No," was the reply, to my great relief; "he is out on picket; we are looking for him in every minute."

This Jim B— was born at Leesburg, the place of my nativity, and could have identified me as an Ohio man. Without, however, appearing to be disappointed, I expressed my regret that I was not able to wait and see him. Then turning the conversation by asking if there were any "bourbon" in the place, I found it convenient to excuse myself without further acquaintance. My companion was now ready to go, and, coming up, mounted on his horse, and rode for Shelbyville.

About five miles from town I became sick—very sick; growing worse so rapidly that I was compelled to stop at a house. I was well aware that my companion was extremely anxious to reach Shelbyville that night; and, as for myself, I didn't want to be there. Still, my demoralized physical condition to him I told him I was sorry we must part, but I must stop; so pulling up to a house by the roadside I bade him "good-by."

The "man of the house," whose name was Bidford, invited me in and put up my horse. I had now cleared myself of my companion, and, therefore, recovered very rapidly. It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I stopped, and shortly after supper was ready, and I did it simple justice, and then as soon as it was dark I retired to bed. A great number of rebels were traveling along the road, and several of them stopped at Bidford's house for water and to have their horses fed.

During the night I was there an officer with considerable of an ancestor came in, and as there was but a thin partition separating the room from the kitchen, I heard him say to the man of the house: "I am a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st La. Cav., and was on duty at Murfreesboro with orders from Gen. Morgan, and to Nashville with dispatches to Gen. Buell. He talked a great deal, and seemed to be on very intimate terms with my landlord."

Next morning I left early, taking the road to Shelbyville till I got out of sight of the house, when I took the first road that turned off, and started on my return to our own camp. At one point on the Las Casas road I saw a detachment of Morgan's men coming down the road toward me. As I was about to turn back, I saw a horse coming at a swift trot behind me, and turning in my saddle, I saw there was one of Morgan's men coming toward me, entirely without suspicion.

Turning to him I remarked that I was glad to see him, and he asked me how to go to Brown's Mill. I knew the way beyond that well enough, and had no necessity for inquiry further. When he asked me where I was going, after exacting secrecy from him, which he readily promised, I told him that I was a Texas Ranger, that I had put on a citizen's suit to favor my plan, and that I was going to the country as near to the Yankee lines as possible in order to ascertain what had become of a very close friend of mine, who had last fought with the 4th Ohio Cav.

"I want to find out," said I, "what has become of him, and advise him of his fate."

"Well," I said, "this name is Cornish Warfield; he is an old friend of mine, and I will risk my life to find out what has become of him."

"Cornish Warfield," he repeated slowly, and with surprise. "He belongs to my company. Certainly, I will do all I can to assist you, sir; he is a special friend of mine. I will go in the night to the mill, and put you in the right road to the mill; but you must not let the Yankees catch you."

"No, indeed," I said; "I will be sharp enough for that."

The fellow actually went a mile and a half with me, and put me on the road I sought, when he parted with me wishing me every success. Thanking him, I "shook my pony up" with the spurs, and was soon out of sight on the direct route to Nashville.

I had nursed this same Warfield in our regimental hospital the night after the fight, and knew very well where he was at the time.

AGAIN PURSUED.

I had only one more ugly place to pass, and that was La Verge. I had heard a Ranger say in Murfreesboro that a party of them would be in La Verge that night, so that I knew I must be on my guard when I approached the town. I rode at the side of the turnpike, on the soft ground, and as it was after night I passed unnoticed until my horse's foot struck the plank which formed the crossing at the railroad, when almost instantly I heard the sound of some horses running down from a grove some distance to the left of the road.

away we went. Looking back now, I saw the rebels wheel into the road after me. I waited to see no more, but struck out for our picket-post as hard as my horse could gallop. The Yankees did not follow me more than two miles before they began to be afraid of running on our pickets, and I too, had my fears. There was danger that our own men would fire on me, unless I checked up in time, but luckily I was recognized when I came in sight, and the boys of course stopped firing.

I was soon at the General's quarters, and asked him out of a sound nap—the only time I ever found him asleep, though I have visited his quarters at all hours of the day and night. He was pleased with what I had done, and sent me away for a little rest and sleep previous to starting out again.

In a few hours we started out with a detachment of cavalry and some infantry, among which was the 19th Ohio, mounted in yeomanry, and I have no doubt but we should have caught John right there, and thus added the embryo General in the shell, but, as luck would have it, we met Col. Wood with the dispatches from Hardee to Buell, with Morgan and about 30 picked men as an escort. We halted, and then Col. Wood told me to ask what you are doing so close to the Yankee pickets, and alone?"

"Well, boys, I am glad to see you; how do you all get along, and what is the news from the army?"

"We are all well, I believe," said the Lieutenant, eyeing me closely; "what command do you belong to, sir?"

"O, I belong to the 1st La. Cav.," said I; "my name is Bonham, and I am Captain of Co. I of that regiment."

"Ah, ha!" he said dubiously scrutinizing my splendid uniform, which really had belonged to Capt. Bonham, and who had died while a prisoner in our hands; "then, Captain, allow me to ask what you are doing so close to the Yankee pickets, and alone?"

"O, I exclaimed, 'I have had such a

remarkable adventure, and if you are not in a hurry I will give you the particulars."

"Certainly, sir, we should be pleased to hear it," said the Lieutenant, still surveying me intently; "but first let me know if it is to the Yankee pickets, if you are in danger here, a small party of us may be in danger here."

"Soon after this," said I, "I was sent with the 4th Ohio Cav. to McMinnville on a scout, and I was one of the party. The remainder of the regiment went to Tallahassee, and we were to concentrate at that place. At McMinnville we heard of some commands of rebels in our immediate vicinity, any one of which was superior to us in number."

I had not started from camp with the Captain, but coming in with a small body of scouts who had been detailed by Gen. Kennerly to serve with me, I was told to push on and overtake him as speedily as possible. He had passed through McMinnville several hours before I got there, and while I was ascertaining which road he had taken I was warned of the near approach of a party of rebels, and several persons—some of doubtful loyalty."

"I replied that we were fighting men, and that we would be glad to meet Capt. Blodgett and Capt. McHenry, and give them commands and give them battle. 'We shall be camped on this road a short distance out,' said I, 'and you will confer a favor on us to send these men word to that effect.'"

This they promised to do, telling me that Blodgett had 300 men, McHenry 200, and another man, who they named 160, and that the farthest command away was but five miles. Chattering them again to be sure and send the rebels out, we took the road to Manchester, and after dark overtook the company in camp, when I told the Captain about the rebels and the change of his sent then, and he approved it, and immediately put his camp in order for defense."

REBELS DISCOMFITED.

I was sent a quarter of a mile to the rear with my party, to barricade the road and hold it till the enemy made a demand. During the latter part of the night they approached us cautiously from the rear, but did not attack us, nor show themselves in any formidable numbers, but moved around and got on the Manchester road ahead of us and charged down the flanks as they approached, and perfectly astounded, they broke and fled, pell mell, back in the way they came."

One of them, a Lieutenant, tumbled headlong into my camp. We afterward ascertained that the rebel loss was eight killed and 13 wounded, but this only came to our knowledge sometime afterward. Capt. Blodgett only reported one of them being left dead on the field, and his own loss nothing. We were unmolested after that, and reached Tallahassee in time to join the regiment."

The Colonel had been at Manchester and destroyed the powder mill there, and driven a number of rebel squads of the enemy out of the country, and having consolidated his command, we moved in

the direction of Murfreesboro, where our army then was, going by the way of Shelbyville.

Murfreesboro was taken by a detachment of the 4th Ohio Cav. under Lieut. Col. Henry Burdall.

While the Third Division lay at Murfreesboro, Gen. Mitchell sent me out on a long scout to inspect all the roads leading to Shelbyville, and all the bridges over the river within five miles of the town, either above or below it. The reader will at once understand that this was a very long and dangerous task, as the roads were all picked by the Texas Rangers and Morgan's battalion, and small squads of them were scouring the country day and night in every direction.

AN UNDESIRABLE MEETING.

To the right of the turnpike a couple of miles is a small town called Middleton, the same place where Gen. D. S. Stanley gave the rebel cavalry such a trouncing. Near this little town I met a squad of rebel cavalry under the command of a Lieutenant. I had just turned into the road, and did not see them until retreat was out of the question, for I was within half-pistol shot of them. For a moment I felt very bad, but the next instant resolved to "face" them, and "bluff" through. Throwing up my cap I gave a loud hurrah, as if I was immensely pleased over something that had just transpired. My first exclamation was:

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ADVENTURES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Story of Twenty Years' Residence Among a Strange People.

BY PAUL P. DE LA GIRONIERE.
Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The author, a young surgeon, while on a voyage, disembarks at Manila. The ship by accident sails without him. He makes a great reputation as a surgeon, and marries Madame de Las Salinas, a beautiful widow. He buys a country-seat at Jala-Jala, where he makes his friends with the native leaders and enlists them and some of their followers as his guard. La Gironiere commands all the local gendarmes of the province. The author graphically relates numerous adventures he experiences. He loses his wife, his brother and other relatives and friends. He seeks the solitude of the far interior and sets out on a journey to the country of the Ajetas, a wild tribe, aborigines of the Philippines.

CHAPTER XX.

The sole inhabitants of these melancholy though majestic solitudes are deer, buffalo and wild boars, which being hidden in their lairs and dens in the daytime, come out at night in search of food. Birds are seldom seen, and the monkeys, so common in the Philippines, shun the solitude of these immense forests.

One kind of insect is met with in great abundance, and it plagues the traveler to the utmost. They are the small leeches, which are found on all the mountains of the Philippines that are covered with dense forest. The leeches, which are found in the grass, or on the leaves of the trees, and dart like grasshoppers on their prey, to which they fasten. Travelers are therefore always provided with knives, cut from the bamboo, to loosen the hold of the insects, after which they rub the wound with a little chewed tobacco. But soon another pest, which is attracted by the flowing blood, takes the place of the one which was removed, and constant care is necessary to avoid being victimized by these little pests, which the voracity far exceeds that of our common leeches. Our way lay through these singular creations of nature, and I was engaged in looking at and examining the curiosities around me, while my Indians were seeking some kind of game—deer, buffalo, or wild boar—to replace our stock of rice and venison, which was fast becoming exhausted.

We were at length reduced to the palms as our only resource; but the palms, though pleasant to the taste, did not sufficiently nutriment to recruit the strength of poor travelers, when, suffering under extreme fatigue, and after a laborious march, we found ourselves at the foot of a mountain, which we had to ascend, and no shelter but the vault of the sky.

We directed our course as near as possible towards the eastern coast, which is bathed by the Pacific Ocean. We knew that it was in that direction the Ajetas commenced their settlement. We wished to pass through the large Tagaloe village, which we had seen from a distance, and which we found, isolated and hidden, at the foot of the eastern mountains, in the midst of the savages.

A TROPICAL STORM.

We had already spent several nights in the forest, and without experiencing any great inconvenience. The fires which we lighted every evening warmed us, and saved us from the myriads of terrible leeches, which otherwise would certainly have covered us. We imagined that we were within one day's march of the seashore, where we expected to take some time to rest, and, all of a sudden, a burst of thunder at a distance gave us reason to apprehend a storm.

Nevertheless, we continued our journey; but in a short time the growing darkness and the thunder approached so near as to leave no doubt that the hurricane would turn over us. We stopped, lighted our fires, and the picket-line is now beyond the mouth of Old Forterville, as much as three miles.

"Good on your head," said the Lieutenant, "but Captain, what in the world were you doing in the Yankee lines?"

"Oh, no," said I, "not in the least; for I have just come out through them, and the picket-line is now beyond the mouth of Old Forterville, as much as three miles."

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

laughing. I was no doubt equally punished, and my white skin must have served to show well the ravages of these creatures. We could scarcely move, so weak had we become.

However, as we must, and promptly—to fight a fire quickly, in order to warm us; to cook some of the palm stalks; to cross, by swimming, a torrent which, with a terrible noise, was rushing on below us; and to reach, during the day, the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

RECUPELATION.

If we delayed to start it might not be possible to pass through the torrents—we had left several behind us; we might find ourselves in the impossibility of going either backward or forward, and perhaps be obliged to remain several days waiting for the waters to subside before we could proceed. Besides, other storms might arise, frequent as they are at this season, and we should have to remain for several weeks in a desert spot without resources.

Two hours after we had passed the torrent, we were again in a low, marshy spot, such a bad road was no recommendation. There was no time to be lost. From a large heap of palm leaves, where we had taken refuge, we made a large fire, in order to preserve them from the wet, we drew them out safe; our precautions had fortunately been successful; they were now ready to use.

Our feelings were delightful when the heat entered our frames, dried our dripping garments, reanimated our courage, and gave us some strength. But, to enjoy that satisfaction fully, one should have acquired it at the same cost as I had. I very much doubt that any European would like to participate in the scenes and adventures of the following day.

Our scanty cookery was soon ready, and we moved on. My Indians were uneasy, as they feared they would not be able to pass through the torrent which was heard at a distance. Consequently they were more quick than I did. On reaching the bank I found them in a consternation. "Oh, master!" said my faithful Alila, "it is not possible to pass; so we must spend some days here."

STOPPED BY A TORRENT.

I cast my eyes on the torrent, which was rolling between steep rocks, in a yawning, muddy stream; it had all the appearance of a cascade, and was carrying down the trunks of trees and branches broken off during the storm. My Indians already came to a decision, and were arranging a spot for a fit bivouac; but I did not wish to give up all hopes of success so speedily, and set about examining the means of overcoming the difficulty.

The torrent was not more than 100 yards in breadth, and a good swimmer with eyes set over in a few minutes could have crossed it. But it was necessary, on the opposite side, to arrive at a spot which was not too steep, and where one could find safe footing, and out of the torrent, otherwise the risk would be run of being drawn down, no one could tell whether.

From the bank on which we were it was easy to jump into the water, but on the other side, for 100 yards down the stream, there was but one spot where the rocks were interrupted. A small stream joined there the one we wished to cross.

After I had carefully calculated by sight the length of the passage, I considered myself strong enough to attempt it. I was a better swimmer than my Indians, and I was certain I was once on the other side, that they would follow. I told them that I was going to cross over the torrent.

AN INDIAN BRIDE.

But one reflection caused me to hesitate. How could I preserve our haversacks, and save our precious provision of powder? How keep our guns from injury? It would not be possible to think of carrying those articles on my back through a torrent so rapid, and in which, beyond fastened one end of the rope, I could not once before I gained the other side.

The Indians, being fertile in expedients, speedily extricated me from this difficulty: they cut several rattans, and joined the ends together, so as to form a considerable length. One of them climbed a tree which leaned over the torrent, and there fastened one end of the rope, while I took the other end to carry it over to the other bank.

All our arrangements being effected, I plunged into the water, and without much difficulty gained the opposite side, having the end of the rattan with me, which I fastened to the trunk of the tree, and I had gained, allowing a slight inclination of the line towards me, yet raised sufficiently over the water to allow the article

which we were anxious to pass over to slide along without touching the water.

Our newly-constructed bridge was wonderfully successful. The articles came across quite safe and dry, and my Indians, by its aid, quickly joined me. We congratulated each other on our fortunate escape, and the more so, as we expected, before sunset to reach the Pacific Ocean. Of the woods we had had enough; and we now looked for the sun, which for several days had been obscured by clouds; the leeches caused us considerable suffering, and weakened us very much, and our miserable diet was not sufficient to recruit our exhausted frames. Moreover, we did not doubt that on reaching the sea we should be amply recompensed for all the hardships we had undergone, and that with renewed hopes we found our courage revive, and soon forgot the fatal night of the storm.

ON THE WAY ONCE MORE.

I walked nearly as quick as my Indians, who like me hastened to get clear of the insupportable humidity in which we had existed for several days.

Two hours after we had passed the torrent, we were again in a low, marshy spot, such a bad road was no recommendation. There was no time to be lost. From a large heap of palm leaves, where we had taken refuge, we made a large fire, in order to preserve them from the wet, we drew them out safe; our precautions had fortunately been successful; they were now ready to use.

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